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EVANGELINE; —OR— THE DOUBLE TRAITOR: A RECORD OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE INDEPENDENT,"
BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Manner at Wyoming," "Alvarez, the Martyr," "George Weldon," "The Rival Hunters," etc.

PART SECOND.

Chapter XVI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

FOR a considerable length of time Tipton's mind was occupied with the new thought, which had flashed across it in the moment of passion that followed his disappointment at the easy and pleasant escape of Evangeline. He now felt that what had before seemed to him the most fortunate thing for carrying out his purpose, namely, the command of a company of men, in the rebel service, was the greatest hindrance to the prosecution of his private purposes in this particular. He dare not desert without banishing himself from the South, and he could not think of that, as all his hopes for the future centered in the success of the Confederacy, with whose destinies he had allied himself. It is true that he would have turned traitor to the cause of treason in a moment, if he had known that by so doing he could further his own ends. But he well knew that in honorable and virtuous society he could never win much honor; and his only hope for preferment was in the service of the rebel government. Its leaders were men like himself, desperate and destitute of principle.

But the more he thought upon the subject, the more determined became his purpose to follow Evangeline to the North, and by some means throw himself again across her path. As for Warner, he fully determined to take his life by some means or other, whether he should find him married to Evangeline or not.

Now his great concern was how to effect his object without sacrificing his fortune in the rebel army.

"I can't consent to cast away the fair prospect ahead," he said to himself. "Not that I have any particular love for the South or the Confederacy; but I can see no other way of retrieving my fortune or gaining a position of any importance among men. I must confess I don't like the idea of fighting. It is not the most agreeable prospect to imagine one's self standing up as a target for a hundred or a thousand men to shoot at. But, then, we are assured that the Northerners are cowards, and that one of our men is equal to five of theirs; and if that is the case there is not much to fear. Besides, an officer can manage to keep out of danger most of the time, and yet appear to be no coward."

Here his mind ran off on a train of thought foreign to that which had at the first absorbed his whole attention; but he soon returned from the digression and proceeded with his cogitations:

"I should like to know whether the cold-blooded Yankees will fight or not. If they do we have a big job on hand; if they don't we can go through easy enough. At any rate we may safely calculate on the aid of a large portion of the Democratic party of the North. If our leaders are not greatly deceived, we shall have only the black Republicans to fight, and we can lick them out in short order, and then the whole country will be ours. I should like to read some Northern papers, and find out what public sentiment and feeling are; but I presume it is best to keep such papers from the people. If our papers tell the truth, we shall have the thing pretty much our own way. But there is no telling from what one reads in the papers whether the world is right side up or head downwards. Editors are awfully given to lying these days, and there is no such thing as knowing what is and what is not, except that which one sees for himself. However, the fog and dust and smoke will clear away awhile, and then we shall be able

to see what is to come of all this tumult. For my own part I intend to make something out of it before it is over, that is sure, and I am not particular how I make it, either."

Conscious that this was a thought full of crime, the villain looked about him to see if any one was near. It was an involuntary act, and was the result of a sense of guilt alone; for he had only thought, not spoken; and yet, lest the thought might be detected, he looked around to be certain that no one was near.

"Yes, I shall make it win," he continued, "and it matters but little who loses, so far as I am concerned."

And with this purpose settled as the leading motive for action, he recalled his scintillating reflections, and took up the subject which had occupied his mind at the first.

"But what am I thinking of? If I make no more progress than this I shall never mature a plan of action with reference to that girl. I must fix upon that first of all, and then to other affairs."

He had now been nearly two days brooding over this matter, and yet nothing had suggested itself to him which promised success.

"Hang me if I was ever so perplexed in my life to get at a thing!" he impatiently exclaimed to himself. "The more I think, the greater are the difficulties which rise up in view. But I must solve the knotty issue; for there is that old Truman raising the very devil of a storm; and I am afraid he will injure me yet. I must get away from here!"

In the midst of his broodings and difficulties, the Colonel, to whose regiment he belonged, visited the camp on a mission, which the following conversation between him and Tipton will sufficiently explain:

"Captain," said the Colonel, "have you any right shrewd, keen fellow in your company whom you could recommend to the President as a suitable person to employ in a capacity something like that of a detective?"

"If I knew precisely the nature of the work required, I could answer the question more definitely and satisfactorily."

"Well, sir, the thing is confidential, but I will reveal it to you. We want a few spies to go to the North and learn exactly what the Yankees are about and what they intend to do."

"Exactly."

"And now is there a man in your company who can be entrusted with such an important enterprise?"

"I was just thinking over the men," replied Tipton, musingly; and after a little more time thus spent, he continued:

"I don't know, Colonel, unless I undertake it myself."

"Would you do it?"

"Can I serve the cause in that way?"

"O yes, most effectually."

"Then I am willing to go."

"There may be danger in it."

"I don't care for the danger."

That was a huge stretch of truth; but then he felt that he could manage to avoid the danger, and hence put on a bold face.

"But the business of a spy has not been regarded as the most honorable among men."

"If I can best serve my country in that capacity, I will risk the honor or dishonor. A successful spy is generally a hero."

"That is true."

"Well, I shall try to be successful for my own sake, but especially for the sake of the cause."

"That's the feeling. When can you leave?"

"Any time."

"To-day?"

"Yes, in two hours if need be."

"Very well; that will suit precisely."

The Colonel then went to write a letter of introduction to Jeff. Davis, while Tipton made the necessary preparations for his departure.

"Just the thing!" felicitously exclaimed the latter, as he found himself alone. "I could not have contrived any thing better if all had been in my own hands! Old Truman may blow away, for all I care, until he gets tired and quits. And if I don't find out what is going on in Yankeedom then call me a fool."

In less than two hours he reported himself ready, and the Colonel handed him the letter of introduction addressed to

"His EXCELLENCY, JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the U. S. A., Montgomery, Ala."

Tipton took the document, and set out on his journey for the rebel capital. He had a great desire to know what was in the letter which bore such an imposing address; (and we might add false superscription, for it should have read the "Ungrateful Traitor, Jeff. Davis," instead of the other;) but he had no choice, and must wait until he reached Montgomery before he could have his curiosity satisfied.

His horse was a spirited one, and he made excellent time to the point where he took the cars, and the second day found him at the headquarters of treason, where the leading conspirators were assembled to carry out their wicked designs for the destruction of the government from whose beneficent rule they had received all they possessed. Making his way to the presence of the chosen leader of this band of outlaws, he presented his letter to the cold and selfish individual whose name it bore. He took it with the nonchalant heartlessness which is a characteristic of the man, casting a look from his icy eye upon Tipton as he did so. Evidently there was no heart in that man's bosom which beat in unison and sympathy with the great heart of humanity which makes a brotherhood of mankind. What could so minister to the boundless and all-gripping selfishness of his nature was nothing to him. If the person before him was there merely to ask a personal favor he cared no more for him than for the dust under his feet.

Tipton felt this as the other with drew his eyes and proceeded to break the seal of the envelope.

"He is — independent about it!" he thought within himself. "I wouldn't give much for a fellow's chances if he had nothing but the good feeling of the President to depend upon. Blast me if I believe he has a heart at all!"

Davis ran his eye over the letter very rapidly, and as he gathered the contents the severe lines upon his face relaxed, and an expression of approval took their place.

"Your Colonel gives you a very flattering recommendation," he said to Tipton. "I shall need your services; but am busy with other matters now. Call at nine o'clock this evening, precisely, and I will talk with you on the subject."

And as he spoke he turned away to give attention to other matters. The Colonel's letter lay on the table open, and Tipton ran his eye over the contents, which were, in substance, as follows:

"The bearer, Capt. Tipton, will volunteer for the service you wish performed, of which you spoke to me at our last interview. He is admirably qualified for the work, and will render a good account of himself. I feel confident there are few men in the Confederacy better suited by capacity and inclination for the performance of such duties than he."

"Rather a left-handed compliment!" thought Tipton. "But it seems to please the President, and that is all I care for just now. I'll make it win."

And without pausing to see what further was said he left the presence of the great arch-traitor and his cabinet.

Punctually at nine o'clock he met the heartless Head of the Rebellion again, where he was received with a show of cordiality, because he was now regarded in the light of one who could

render aid in the unholy work which, unhallowed hands, and heads, and hearts were engaged in prosecuting.

"You are prompt, I see," was the approving salutation of the Satan of Rebellion, "and that of itself is a good recommendation."

"I make it a rule to be exact myself and to require it of others," replied Tipton.

"The only correct rule for business. But my time for this interview is necessarily limited, and we must proceed at once with the matter in hand. You are willing to go on the mission, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, I am, if I can thereby best serve the cause."

"I think you can do more good in that way at present than at any thing else. We must have reliable information, and have it officially, in order to act with due intelligence in our leading movements. I shall expect frequent reports from you. When you have any thing of vital importance, which it would be unsafe to trust in any ordinary style of communication, you must write in cypher. Here is our present alphabet in cypher," saying which he handed Tipton a paper containing the explanation and meaning in English of a series of characters, the use of which he was to learn at once. Treason must needs resort to "works of darkness" to further its aims.

"This," continued Davis, "you must study until you fully master it, which will require but a few hours. I shall wish to know precisely the feeling of the public mind at the North; how many are favorable to us, and how many we can certainly depend upon in case of emergency. As your field of operations will be Ohio and Indiana, I shall only give you the names of a few of the leaders there on whom we depend. First and most reliable of these is the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, member of Congress from the third district in Ohio. We have every assurance from him that he can be depended on under all circumstances. He will work for us in the North to the end, unless it becomes necessary to leave on grounds of personal danger, and then he will join us openly at the South. Gov. Samuel Medary, Editor of the Crisis, Columbus Ohio, is another fast friend. So are the Editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Dayton Empire. These leading men can give you information as to others, and render you valuable aid. But do not let them or any others know that you are acting under direct instructions from me. It will not do to trust the best of these Northerners too far. They are all demagogues and will sell out for a consideration."

These caustic remarks show how the Northern traitors are regarded by the Southern allies. Truth puts an edge on the words which renders them sharp as the scythe of Time; and they cut to the quick.

"In Indiana," continued Davis, "we have Senator Bright. But you must approach him with care; he is for himself more than any thing else; but he is with us. Judge Pettit is with us. The Editor of the Sentinel, published at Indianapolis, is with us. We have host of friends in this State as well as many very bitter enemies. It is a hopeful field of labor, and we expect in the end to have the State, or at least the southern portion of it, in the Confederacy."

"I thought we only desired to have the Slave States," interposed Tipton.

"At present that is all; but we have designs upon the whole Northwest. We intend to reconquer Kansas, and get possession of all the western Territories, California and Oregon. But it will not do to avow these purposes yet. We must now war for independence alone; that made safe, then these things follow."

"Can we do it?"

"We have every assurance that a large portion of the Democratic party of the North will be with us, and that in a few months only the Abolitionists and the Black Republicans will be arrayed against us. We can easily crush them in a few weeks, and then, from Washington city, dictate terms of peace. At least this is what our friends in the North predict for us. But we wish information which is better than any yet in our possession, and hence are sending out our own agents to learn the true condition of things in the free states."

"Now understand what I want. It is, first, to ascertain definitely what is the state of public feeling, and how numerous are our friends—reliable friends, who will do to depend upon. In the second place, to learn from personal observation and all the information you can otherwise acquire, what are the military preparations and movements against us."

"I understand fully."

"Report weekly, if you can, and oftener if movements of importance transpire."

"By what means?"

"Here is a paper containing instructions. Your duty is herein plainly laid down. You had better thoroughly acquaint yourself with its contents before starting, and then destroy it."

He handed Tipton the document. "The time for this interview is now up, and I must attend to other duties. Good night."

A servant showed the visitor out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Selected Poetry.

[Published by Request.]

A Union soldier, a young Kentuckian, who was taken prisoner at Corinth, took with him, secretly, a small flag, which he retained at different places where he was imprisoned at the South, until he was transferred to Richmond, with others, and finally exchanged, when he triumphantly produced the cherished emblem of his loved country thus safely brought off from so many perils. A fellow-prisoner, touched by this patriotic devotion, wrote the following lines:

STARS AND STRIPES.

THE—"BONNY BLUE FLAG."

We are fighting for our Union, we are fighting for our trust;
We are fighting for that happy land our fathers gave to us.

It cannot be discovered, tho' 't cost a bloody war,
We never can give up that land where souls too Stripes and Stars.

Cheers—Hurrah, hurrah for equal rights!
Hurrah, hurrah for that brave old flag that bears the Stripes and Stars!

We treated you as brothers until you drew the sword,
With impious hands at Sumter you cut the silver cord.

So now you hear our bugles sounding from afar:
We are rallying round our noble flag that bears the Stripes and Stars.

We do not want your cotton, we care not for your slaves,
But rather than give up this land we'll fill your Southern graves.

With Lincoln for our President, and Seward, statesman rare,
We'll rally round our brave old flag that bears the Stripes and Stars.

We know our cause is just, we know we are in the right,
And twenty million freemen stand ready for the fight.

We are bound to have the Continent, from Maine to Florida,
And then we'll raise the brave old flag that bears the Stripes and Stars.

And when the war is over, we'll return unto our homes,
And trust you still as brothers, wherever you may roam.

We'll extend the hand of friendship and think no more of war,
But dwell in peace beneath that flag that bears the Stripes and Stars.

National Intelligence.

Miscellaneous.

From Field Notes.

Where to Keep Things.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," is an old saying and worthy of all acceptance, and cannot be too often repeated. The want of system is one of the great troubles of housekeeping, and more hours are wasted than everybody dreams of, hunting for misplaced articles.

"Mattie! I want that roll of black patches, right quick now. Your pa is going to town and his coat is all torn under the arms," cries Mrs. Scatterwell to her eldest daughter, who is lounging over the last paper.

"Where are they, mother?" without lifting her head.

"They're somewhere. Do lay down that paper and start. Look in the cupboard and if they are not there, look in the red chest and in the band-box of pieces under the bed. Hurry now—Dear me! where are the scissors? Eunice, look in the stand drawer. Ain't they there? Then look in 'other room on the sofa. Not there? Where on earth are they?"

"There, hark! What did you say, Mattie? You can't find them."

"Not in any of those places."

"Eunice, you hunt up the scissors while I go up and hunt the pieces myself." Mrs. Scatterwell, Eunice and Mattie are all off on the chase for articles that should be where one can gather them up in two minutes.

"Well, I've found them at last," exclaimed the hurried housekeeper, after half an hour's search, "clear down in

the bottom of the drawer where I keep my stockings and pillow cases and such. Now, where is the scissors, Eunice?"

"Ma'am!"

"Did you find the scissors?"

"No, ma'am, I can't find 'em no place."

"I know where they be, Jack had 'em out under the apple tree fixing his kite," says Tom.

"Go right and get them. Run fast for I'm in a hurry. Your pa will be out of all patience. There now! where's my spectacles?"

"I know," cries Eunice. "You left them over to Miss White's yesterday, for Ned told me you did; but I forgot them."

"You careless thing," answers the perplexed mother.

"Wife, my coat done?"

"Done? No. I haven't touched it— took a half hour to find the pieces and then the boys had my scissors, and—"

"Never mind, hand it here—can't wait now."

"There he goes," says Mrs. Scatterwell, "and that hole will be as big as my head when he comes home. Oh! Mattie, just look at that bread; we have been hunting so long it has all run over and is as sour as kraut. I do declare its enough to tire the patience of Job to have to get along so—that great batch of bread all spoiled!"

Now, dear readers of *Field Notes*, the above scene is not uncommon, and I don't know of anybody that can sit for the picture better than myself. I have always failed in the observance of this rule and a deal of time and trouble it has cost me, and so when I saw Mr. Sawyer's excellent answer to Rosella, I thought I would just say a word to the young: "Have a place for everything and everything in its place," if possible.

A careless mother makes a whole household careless sometimes, and thus the habit is bequeathed from generation to generation. Now it is time to begin to correct bad habits. Try it, and— "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" F. D. G.

Who Sent Them?

Mother Benner was pious but poor. In the midst of her extreme want, her trust and confidence were in God.

It was late one chilly night in autumn, when two rather wild young men were passing her cottage on their way home, one of them having under his arm some loaves of bread purchased at the village bakery. A saint light shone from Mother Benner's casement. Said the one who had the loaves to his comrade:

"Let us have some fun with the old woman."

"Agreed," said the other.

Approaching the house, they peeped in at the window, saw the old lady on her knees by the smouldering embers on the hearth, engaged in prayer. They heard her offer an earnest petition for bread, as they listened and learned she was utterly destitute of "the staff of life."

In furtherance of their fun, one of them climbed up the roof softly with the bread, and dropped one loaf after another down upon the chimney. As they rolled down upon the hearth and caught the good woman's eye, she exclaimed, in the fullness of her heart:

"Thank the Lord! bless His name for this bounty!"

"But the Lord didn't send them," shouted a voice from the chimney.

"Yes, he did," she replied in gratitude and confidence. "The Lord sent them it the devil brought them."

And she was right. The incident, in connection with the pious lady's trusting and simple faith, made such an impression on the mind of one of the giddy young men as led him to serious reflection and ultimate repentance and reformation.

THY MOTHER.—Young man, thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget you—your mother never; the world may willfully do you many wrongs—your mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon your grassless grave; but your mother will love and cherish you while living, and if she survives you, will weep for you, when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother, and make her heart glad by filial obedience and tender care.

For a man's character, look at his acts more than at his words.

The memory should be a store-house, not a lumber-room.

It is the rush-light in the meagre flickers of Poverty, that reveals the nooks and crannies in the human heart, and what a lurking place for baits of thought it is, just as the pittance that Poverty gives to Want is the surest generosity in the world.

There is a bit of a sermon and a snatch of song wrapped up in the fact, that not out of the clear but out of the cloud come bows of promise, and out of the tempest spring elements of beauty, even as pure, white lilies from the bosom of the stormy water. The hope that never kindles in a laughing eye, is sure to be curbed in the falling tear.

Farm and Household.

Pasture Grasses.

"A Dairyman" writes his experience to the *Somerset Farmer*, in Skowhegan, Maine, as follows:

I am more than ever convinced that in order to derive the greatest possible profit from our dairy stock, we must be more particular in furnishing suitable feed in our pasture grounds. To produce good butter, the feed should consist of succulent and saccharine grasses, such, for instance, as timothy, clover, red and brown-top, and other similar grasses, mixed. If we lay down our lands with red clover and timothy, the white clover, the sweet vernal and other varieties of fine grass, come in either the second or third year, and make a fine pasture, which endures for many seasons, the grasses annually becoming finer and sweeter, but less vigorous, till they disappear. I deem the labor of plowing and re-seeding pasture lands a useless and profitless labor, as by annually top-dressing them with good and invigorating manure, we secure equally good results and at much less expense. No cow, no matter how superior may be her milking qualities, can produce a good dairy article if her daily food be unwholesome and unattractive. However much may depend upon the processes and manipulations of the dairy women, the relation existing between good feed and good butter and good cheese, is much more intimate than many are inclined to suppose. The sweeter the feed, the sweeter and richer in character will be the milk which is elaborated from it, and the butter made from it—exactly precisely in the same ratio that the feed excels, provided it is manufactured in the same way.

Hungarian Grass.

James D. Ladd, in *Field Notes*, thus gives his experience with Hungarian Grass:

"In 1859 I sowed two bushels of Hungarian grass seed on about three acres of ground, the soil a moist, black loam, was a sward which had not been broken for five years. Sown in May, harvested in August, cut it with a cradle, let it lay in swath two days, and then bound and shocked like oats; in a few days hauled it into the barn without rain. The following winter I fed the most of it to cows and brood mares, and some little to work horses and a pair of working mules. We fed all two years old and upward, four sheaves per day per head; yearlings three sheaves to two; they did well on it, no diuretic effect observable. Last year we raised about the same amount, and fed in like manner, with satisfactory results."

"In the early part of the past winter we were feeding our cows as much good hay, clover and timothy mixed, as they would eat, with four ears of corn per head per day, when we changed it to four sheaves of Hungarian per head per day, and in ten days they looked perceptibly better, although they were doing quite well. After thus feeding a few weeks, we changed to bright sheaf oats, that had been harvested without rain, and gave it to them in the same quantity per day. We thought they did not do quite so well as upon the Hungarian."

WATER-PROOF CEMENT.—The following cement has been used with great success in the covering of terraces, lining basins, soldering stones, and everywhere requiring the action of water. It is so hard that it scratches iron. It is formed of ninety-three parts of well burnt bricks and seven parts of litharge, made plastic with linseed oil. The bricks and litharge are pulverized; the latter must always be reduced to a very fine powder. They are mixed together, enough of linseed oil added. It is then applied in the manner of plaster, the body that is to be covered being always previously wet with a sponge. This precaution is indispensable, otherwise the oil would filter through the body and prevent the mastic from acquiring hardness when covering a large surface it sometimes has in it, which must be filled up with a fresh quantity of cement. In three or four days it becomes hard and firm.

SORGHUM BROOMS.—The editor of the Delaware (Ohio) Gazette acknowledges the receipt of a sample of brooms made from Sorghum broom corn, and commends the same. In a note accompanying the sample, the manufacturer says: "I send you a specimen of my premium parlor broom, manufactured from sorghum broom corn. This corn excels the common one hundred percent in yield of brush, and fifty percent in value in the Eastern markets. The fodder being of a saccharine flavor, it makes a nutritious and palatable food for all kinds of stock, especially milch cows. Its growth in height is not more than one-half that of the common broom corn, and it does not impoverish the land as much by fifty percent, and the brush can be harvested with one-half the labor."

He that keeps his temper is better than he that keeps a carriage.